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**MYSTERY** 26/7  
**FUNNIES**







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## Uncle Joe Says:

As editor of AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES, I'm naturally very much interested in unusual, interesting facts, news and stories. And I think I've really stumbled on something extremely interesting—the fact that there are newspapers and magazines being issued every week by the boys and girls who read this magazine. Naturally, these publications are not printed and bound like this magazine, because that costs a lot of money. But, they are being issued regularly—and the boys and girls who edit and publish them deserve a lot of praise.

Just recently I received a copy of THE WEEKLY TORCH, a small newspaper edited, written and published by one of my readers, Forrest Fickling of Lynwood, California. Although Forrest is only 14 years old, his paper includes regular advertisements, an editorial on world affairs, news of the latest European developments, and interesting cartoons. It consists of several sheets of 8 1/2" x 11" paper and was printed on either a hectograph or a mimeograph machine. While some of the printing was indistinct, Uncle Joe certainly thinks Forrest is doing a swell job.

After seeing Forrest's paper, I started wondering how many of my other readers were also editors and publishers of small newspapers and magazines. And, upon making a few inquiries, I am led to believe that there are a great many publications issued by boys and girls—especially in the science-fiction field.

One of my artists brought in a copy of SCIENTI-TALES, which is published every other month and sells for 15c. It consists of 28 pages, bound together with a strip of cloth, and is published by John Giunta and Louis G. Maurino of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Of course these fellows are a bit older than Forrest, but they are doing a good job. The copy of SCIENTI-TALES that I have is packed with interesting science-fiction stories—including a serial novel, two novelettes, a storyette, various departments and poems. Vivid illustrations make the stories even more interesting. And the entire job is printed with a mimeograph machine—just as Forrest's paper is.

I'd certainly like to see more of these publications. So if you're the editor or publisher of a paper, won't you send me a copy—together with a brief description of yourself? I would greatly appreciate this—and will try to include a story about your paper in one of the future issues of our magazine.

Uncle Joe.

EDITOR

**Don't Miss**

STARTING THIS MONTH IN

**Keen**

**DETECTIVE FUNNIES**

THRILLING ADVENTURE!  
SUPER SLEUTH—FEARED BY  
ALL CROOKS AND GANGSTERS!

**THE MASKED MARVEL!**

by Ben Thompson

# The FANTOM of the FAIR

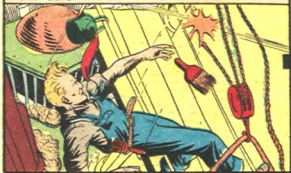
by Paul Gustavson

**A NEW SUPER THRILLING STRIP!**  
-PACKED WITH EXCITING ACTION-  
WHICH TAKES PLACE IN A WORLD FAIR.

FROM THE TOP OF ONE OF THE TOWERING BUILDINGS OF THE WORLD'S FAIR, THE PUFF OF A SILENCED-RIFLE IS SEEN —



THE BULLET STRIKES THE ROPE OF A SCAFFOLD AND THE PAINTER ON IT PLUNGES TOWARD THE GROUND.



WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING, A STRANGELY DRESSED PERSON DIVES OFF THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING AND GRABS THE FALLING PAINTER IN MID-AIR.



WHILE THE PEOPLE BELOW GASP IN AMAZEMENT, THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER GRABS ONE OF THE SCAFFOLD LEADS AND SWINGS SAFELY TO A LEDGE BELOW.





HAVING SAFELY SET THE PAINTER DOWN ON THE LEDGE, THE STRANGER SWINGS UPWARD AGAIN AS IF CARRIED BY THE WIND



LIKE A SPRINGING PANTHER, HE LANDS IN FRONT OF THE ATTEMPTED MURDERER AND SENDS HIM SPRAWLING ON THE ROOF.



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, ANDY? HOW'D IT HAPPEN?

I'M OK, BOSS! THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON AROUND HERE — I CAN SWEAR I HEARD A BULLET WHIZZ PAST ME AS THAT ROPE SNAPPED!



LOOK — THAT HOLE NEAR THE SCAFFOLD!! IT WASN'T THERE BEFORE!

THAT'S A BULLET HOLE ALL RIGHT! THE SHOT MUST HAVE BEEN FIRED FROM THAT BUILDING WHERE THAT GUY THAT SAVED YOU SWUNG TO! C'MON — WE'RE GOING UP THERE AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!



WHAT'S TH' BIG IDEA —? SAY — WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU ANYWAY?

THAT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE. I WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU TRIED TO KILL THAT MAN ON THE SCAFFOLD!



YOU GET AROUND AN' SEE A LOT — DON'T YOU, BUD! NOW REACH HIGH AN' START WALKING BACKWARDS! YEAH — I SHOT THAT SCAFFOLD ROPE IN TWO BUT YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHY! YOU'RE GONNA FALL OFF THIS ROOF ACCIDENTALLY — JUST LIKE THAT GUY ON THE SCAFFOLD DID!



SUDDENLY THE MASKED FIGURE GRABS THE GUN AND DESTROYS IT WITH HIS POWERFUL HANDS.



NOW TELL ME WHY YOU TRIED TO KILL THAT MAN OR I'LL DROP YOU!

I'LL — I'LL BE KILLED! LOOK OUT — YOU'LL DROP ME! Y-Y-YEAH — I'LL TALK — I'LL TALK! I ONLY TAKE ORDERS — IT'S ME JOB!



STAND WHERE  
YOU ARE BEFORE  
I SHOOT!

LOOK — THERE'S  
THE RIFLE!! GREAT GUNS—  
THE BARREL'S TIED  
INTO KNOTS!!



THE SPECIAL FAIR POLICE JOIN IN THE ACTION.

HELP — HE'S  
GONNA KILL  
ME!! DON'T LET  
HIM DROP ME!

YOU CAME A LITTLE  
TOO SOON—I'M SORRY  
I MUST LEAVE AND  
FINISH MY WORK  
ELSEWHERE!



IN A SHOWER OF BULLETS FROM THE  
POLICE, THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE GRABS  
THE ROPE AND SWINGS ACROSS THE TERRACE  
TO ANOTHER BUILDING, CARRYING WITH HIM,  
THE ATTEMPTED MURDERER.



I TELL YOU HE GRABBED  
ME IN MID-AIR AND SAVED  
ME — HE ISN'T THE ONE  
THAT TRIED TO HAVE  
ME KILLED!

I DON'T BELIEVE  
IN TALL STORIES —  
SO STOP BLABBERIN'!  
HE'S PROBABLY ONE  
OF THOSE EX-TRAPEZE  
ARTISTS THAT THIS GANG  
USES TO HELP THEM GET  
AWAY! C'MON — I'LL  
CATCH THAT  
MURDERIN' APE!



WHILE THE POLICE FOLLOW ON THE GROUND, THE  
MAN IN BLACK MOVES QUICKLY FROM BUILDING  
TO BUILDING, HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND. SUDDENLY  
HE STOPS ON ONE OF THE ROOFS, OPENS A  
TRAP DOOR —



—AND CLIMBS ONTO ONE OF THE CHAN-  
DELIER'S BELOW.



STAND BACK EVERYBODY—! WHAT'S HE GOING  
TO DO — JUMP!??

NAW — HE'S  
GONNA THROW HIS  
PARTNER DOWN AN'  
MAKE A GET-AWAY  
HIMSELF!! BACK —  
ALL OF YOU — I'LL  
HAVE TO SHOOT!







SLOWLY, THE MAN OF MYSTERY, RECOGNIZED  
BY THE LABORER AS *THE FANTOM*, TURNS ONE  
OF THE BOLTS ON THE CHANDELIER. —



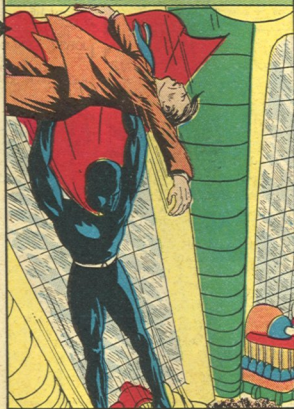
AS THE CROWD TURNS AWAY IN HORROR,  
*THE FANTOM* PASSES THROUGH THE CONCRETE  
FLOOR WITH SUCH SPEED THAT ONLY A BLUR  
OF HIS PASSING IS SEEN BY ANYONE.



AS THE CROWD LOOKS BACK TO SEE THE  
REMAINS — THEY TURN COLD AT THE SIGHT



— AND JUMPS OFF TO THE FLOOR, SEVERAL  
HUNDRED FEET BELOW.



THERE'S NOTHING  
HERE !! W-WHERE'D  
THEY GO TO ???  
THEY'VE J-UST  
DISAPPEARED  
INTO NOTHING!

I-I SAW THEM LAND  
RIGHT HERE — AN'  
THIS FLOOR'S AS SOLID  
AS A ROCK! WHERE'S  
THAT GUY THAT SPOKE ABOUT  
THIS *FANTOM* — I'LL  
BELIEVE ANYTHING  
AFTER THIS!





BELOW THE TRAP-DOOR IN THE FLOOR OF THE BUILDING, **THE FANTOM** COMES TO THE SURFACE OF AN UNDERGROUND RIVER AND LIFTS HIS PREY INTO A BOAT TIED NEARBY.



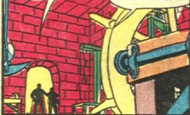
I-I-LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY— JUST LET ME GO!! I-TURN ME OVER TO THE POLICE— THEY'RE AT LEAST HUMAN AN' I KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT!

I'M QUITE HUMAN AND I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE AS SOON AS I GET THE INFORMATION I WANT!



THESE ARE ANCIENT TORTURE METHODS— HUNDREDS OF DIFFERENT ONES! NOW— I WANT TO KNOW YOUR ENTIRE STORY OR I'LL BE COMPELLED TO USE SOME OF THEM.

NOW!  
I'LL TALK!!



OCCHO, THE CONTRACTOR'S MY BOSS! HE HIRED ME TO CAUSE A LOT OF ACCIDENTS FOR JOHNSON, SO HE'D FALL DOWN ON HIS JOBS! THEN OCCHO WOULD STEP IN AN' FINISH THEM UP AN' COLLECT FOR THE WHOLE JOB WHILE JOHNSON COULDN'T COLLECT A DIME BECAUSE HE DIDN'T FULFILL HIS CONTRACTS!



IN OTHER WORDS— EVERY JOB JOHNSON LOST WAS A FRAME UP! NOW WHERE'S OCCHO?

THAT'S RIGHT— YOU CAN SEE IT BY LOOKIN' AT TH' BOOKS WHICH JOBS THEY WERE! HE'S WAITIN' FOR ME WITH HIS GANG IN HIS OFFICE!



I TOLD YOU EVERYTHING THERE IS— I SWEAR IT!! JUST LET ME GO AN' I'LL GET OUT OF TOWN AS FAST AS I CAN!

NOT SO FAST— FIRST I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU FORGET EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED FROM THE TIME WE FIRST MET! THEN I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU BACK AND SEE THAT YOU GET THE SAME AS THE REST OF YOUR LOT! NOW— LOOK INTO MY EYES!



WHILE **THE FANTOM** CASTS A SPELL OF AMNESIA OVER THE THUG, THE POLICE RUN THROUGH THE OLD BOOK FOUND BY THE LABORER.

IT'S IN OLD KELANDIC— PROBABLY THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD! HERE— YOU CAN DECIPHER IT WITH THIS BOOK I BOUGHT!

I'LL BELIEVE YOU— I'LL BELIEVE YOU!! AN' YOU SAY NO ONE HAS SEEN THIS BOOK BUT YOU!



Y'KNOW, JOHNSON— I'M GONNA ASK FOR MY VACATION BEGINNIN' TOMORROW! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH TO MAKE ANY SANE MAN THINK HE'S CRAZY!

MAYBE I'LL TAKE ONE WITH YOU, COLLINS! I'VE LOST EVERY JOB I'VE HAD FOR THE PAST SIX MONTHS AND I'M JUST ABOUT DOWN TO MY LAST DIME!! GREAT SAINTS— LOOK!



AS COLLINS TURNS, HE SEES THE SHADOW OF **THE FANTOM** ON THE BUILDING—

C'MON— I'M GOIN' TO TRY TO FOLLOW HIM!





I'VE TAILED  
CROOKS ALL OVER  
THE COUNTRY, BUT  
I'VE NEVER RUN  
ACROSS ANYONE  
THAT COULD MOVE  
SO FAST IN ALL  
MY LIFE!

WHAT'S THE USE—  
WE'VE LOST HIM  
AGAIN! I'M GOING  
BACK TO THE OFFICE—  
YOU LOOK FOR HIM  
IF YOU WANT TO!



MEANWHILE, **THE FANTOM** HAS REACHED  
THE BUILDING OF OCCO, THE CONTRACTOR,  
AND JUMPS TOWARD THE GLASS ROOF.



IN A SHOWER OF BREAKING GLASS,  
**THE FANTOM** LANDS IN FRONT OF OCCO.



MARCO — !!!  
WHO'S THIS  
GUY WITH  
YOU?

I DUNNO, BOSS — !  
I CAN'T REMEMBER!  
HE SAW ME SHOOT THAT  
SCAFFOLD ROPE IN TWO  
AN' MADE ME TELL  
EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU!  
BUT I CAN'T  
REMEMBER HOW  
OR WHERE, OR  
ANYTHIN'!!



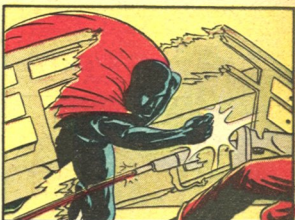
SO — YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT MY  
BUSINESS, EH? WELL, BUSINESS HAS  
BEEN VERY PROFITABLE AND I CAN  
MAKE IT WORTHWHILE FOR YOU  
TO FORGET ABOUT WHAT MARCO  
HERE SAID AN' KEEP YOUR  
TRAP SHUT! OK — COVER  
HIM, BOYS!!



I SEE THAT YOU HAVE A  
BAD HABIT OF USING GUNS — !  
PERHAPS A LITTLE LESSON IN  
MANNERS WILL DO YOU SOME  
GOOD!







SEEING HIS NEED NO LONGER, **THE FANTOM** JUMPS UP TO THE CHANDELIER AND SWINGS OUT OF THE HOLE IN THE ROOF, LEAVING COLLINS STANDING DUMB-FOUNDED AT HIS SUDDEN AND LIGHTNING-LIKE MOVE







ALL RIGHT, OCCO —  
WHAT'S BEEN  
GOING ON  
HERE?

NOTHING — THAT GUY  
IN BLACK JUMPED  
THROUGH THE ROOF AND  
STARTED BUSTING  
UP MY OFFICE AND  
TOSSING US AROUND!



FOR NO GOOD REASON AT ALL, I GUESS!  
LISTEN, OCCO — THAT **FANTOM** DOESN'T  
DO THINGS WITHOUT REASONS! HOW  
COME HE'S HERE —? **THE FANTOM'S**  
BEEN DRAGGING HIM ALL OVER THE  
FAIR, AFTER ONE OF JOHNSON'S  
SCAFFOLDS WAS SHOT DOWN, AND  
NOW I FIND HIM IN YOUR OFFICE!  
THERE'S A LOT YOU'RE GONNA  
ACCOUNT FOR!



YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME, COPPER!  
I NEVER SAW THIS  
GUY BEFORE!

IT'S A LIE — I'M  
NOT GONNA TAKE  
ALL TH' BLAME!



AS OCCO BACKS TOWARD THE WALL,  
AN ARM CRASHES THROUGH AND CLAMPS  
AROUND HIS NECK.



**THE FANTOM!**

STAY WHERE YOU  
ARE, EVERYBODY! NOW  
OCCO — I'M NOT  
STEPPING IN THIS TIME!  
HE CAN DO WHATEVER  
HE WANTS TO  
WITH YOU!



TIGHTER AND TIGHTER THE ARM OF **THE FANTOM**  
CLOSES AROUND OCCO'S NECK UNTIL THE WALL  
BEGINS TO CRUMBLE OUTWARD.



MAYBE I'M RUNNING  
INTO A STONE WALL,  
JOHNSON — BUT SOME  
ONE OF THESE DAYS  
I'M GONNA CATCH  
UP WITH THAT GUY  
AN' FIND OUT WHAT  
MAKES HIM  
TICK!

AHEM — WELL,  
I GUESS YOU CAN'T  
BLAME A MAN  
FOR TRYING  
ANYWAY!



**ANOTHER  
ADVENTURE  
OF THE FANTOM  
OF THE FAIR WILL  
APPEAR IN  
THE NEXT  
ISSUE!**



# The INNER CIRCLE

by FIELD

MAJOR RAMSAY-USA HAS RECEIVED A LETTER ASKING HIM TO COME TO GLASGOW, SCOTLAND. THE NATURE OF THE LETTER WARRANTS HIS DOING AS ASKED. IT WAS SIGNED-



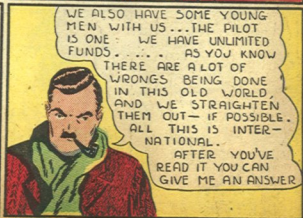
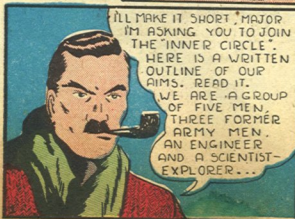
HE IS BEING MET AT CROYDON AIRPORT BY A YOUNG PILOT



FLYING NORTH RAMSAY IS LANDED OUTSIDE OF GLASGOW.



THEN BY CAR TO A HOUSE IN THE CITY WHERE RAMSAY IS TO MEET THE AUTHOR OF THE LETTER.







RAMSAY READS THE OUTLINE OF THE INNER CIRCLE — WEIGHS THE POINTS AND MAKES HIS DECISION.



COLONEL, I'VE ALL WAYS WANTED TO BE ABLE TO DO THE THINGS THAT YOU MEN ARE DOING — I'D BE DELIGHTED TO JOIN YOUR GROUP.

WE THOT AS MUCH — COME MEET THE 'CIRCLE.'

THE NEXT DAY



GENTLEMEN, — THE MAJOR HAS CONSENTED TO WORK WITH US. FROM NOW ON HE WILL SHARE ALL CONFIDENCES AND WORK!

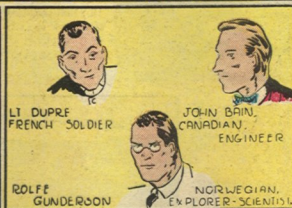
VERY GOOD!

FINE!

BON!



MAJOR — I'M IAN AHERN, NORTH IRELAND. GUESS I'M THE BABY OF THE CIRCLE. WE'LL BE WORKING TOGETHER!



LT DUPRE  
FRENCH SOLDIER

JOHN BAIN,  
CANADIAN  
ENGINEER

ROLFE  
GUNDERSON

NORWEGIAN,  
EXPLORER-SCIENTIST



OUR MEETING IS OVER... AHERN, YOU'LL TURN OVER YOUR WORK TO THE MAJOR AND WORK WITH HIM.



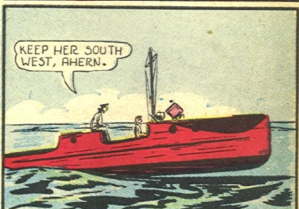
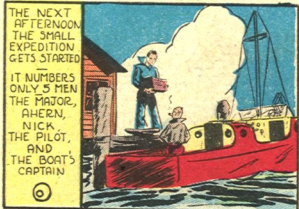
I'D LKE YOU TO HANDLE THIS... I'LL WORK WITH YOU AND WATCH AND SO LEARN.

AHERN AND RAMSAY LEAVE — DISCUSSING AHERN'S MISSION IN HONG KONG.





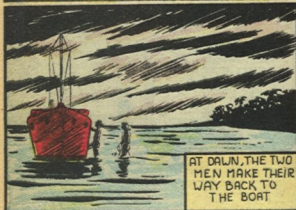
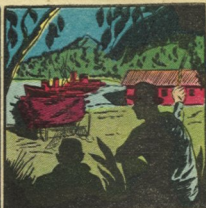




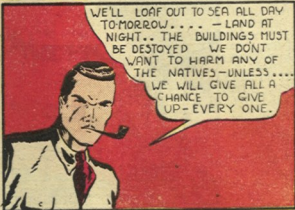




MAKING THEIR WAY THRU THE UNDERBRUSH, RAMSAY AND AHERN FIND THE BASE. CROUCHING IN THE SHADOWS, THE TWO LOOK OVER THE PLACE—THEN LEAVE.



AT DAWN, THE TWO MEN MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE BOAT



WE'LL LOAF OUT TO SEA ALL DAY TO-MORROW.... — LAND AT NIGHT.. THE BUILDINGS MUST BE DESTROYED WE DONT WANT TO HARM ANY OF THE NATIVES—UNLESS.... WE WILL GIVE ALL A CHANCE TO GIVE UP—EVERY ONE.

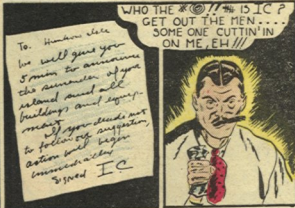


GYE MR. ROSSI! LOOKIT WOT-HI GOT OVA' THE BLOOMIN' AIR!

WHUTCHA GOT?

SING-ROSSI FISHING

ON THE ISLAND, THAT EVENING, A RADIO MESSAGE IS RECEIVED!



WHO THE \*O\*!!\* IS IC? GET OUT THE MEN.... SOME ONE CUTTIN' IN ON ME, EH ///

To: Winston  
We will give you 5 min to arrange the surrender of your island and all buildings and equipment. If you decide not to follow my suggestion, action will begin immediately.  
Signed IC



ILL BETCHA ITS THAT PHONY FISH-ISHING PARTY OUT THERE.... WELL THEY CAN COME ANDGET US!

ALL MEN ON MAINLAND—SPARKS AND COOK HERE WIT US.



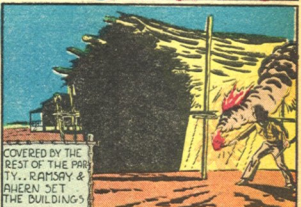
THEY'RE ON THE ISLAND.. GET IN THE HOUSE..

THE IC MEN  
SPREAD OUT\*  
AND FIRE WAR-  
NING SHOTS  
WHICH ARE  
RETURNED BY  
ROSSI'S MEN.

A RUNNING  
GUN FIGHT IS  
STARTED WITH  
ROSSI'S MEN  
HOLING UP  
IN THE OFFICE.



WHILE INSIDE  
ROSSI PREPARES  
FOR A SIEGE



**FINIS**



# 2039 A.D.

UNCLE OSCAR AND HIS NEPHEW BILL ARE OFF ON A BUSINESS TRIP AROUND THE SOLAR SYSTEM IN THEIR SPACE SHIP~



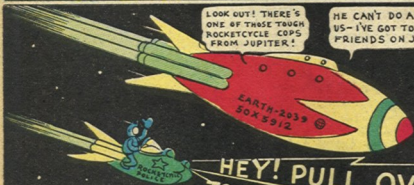
SAY UNC- DO YOU HAVE TO GO SO FAST -WE'RE LIABILE TO RUN INTO A METEOR OR GET PICKED UP BY A PATROL SHIP

WE'RE ONLY DOIN' 50,000 MILES AN HOUR AND I NEVER SAW A PATROL SHIP ON THIS ROUTE BEFORE



LOOK OUT! THERE'S ONE OF THOSE TOUGH ROCKETCYCLE COPS FROM JUPITER!

HE CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO US- I'VE GOT TOO MANY FRIENDS ON JUPITER!



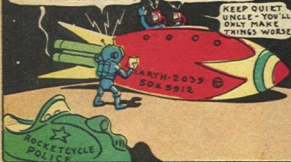
HEY! PULL OVER TO THAT ASTEROID!



SO! A COUPLE OF TOUGH GUYS FROM THE EARTH HUH? WELL I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A TICKET!

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE OFFICER! I'LL HAVE YOU TRANSFERRED TO THE STICKS!

KEEP QUIET UNCLE- YOU'LL ONLY MAKE THINGS WORSE



NOW YOU ARE IN A JAM! - THIS SUMMONS SAYS YOU'RE TO APPEAR IN THE TRAFFIC COURT ON JUPITER AND THEY'LL GIVE YOU THE WORKS

SO LONG! NEXT TIME DON'T THREATEN TO HAVE ME SENT TO PLUTO



-AND AS AN EXAMPLE TO OTHER SPEEDERS, YOU WILL PAY A FINE OF 2,000,000 EARTH DOLLARS AND SERVE 10 OF OUR DAYS IN JAIL- NEXT CASE!

HEH-HEH! THAT'LL FIX 'IM

BUT-YOUR HONOR, I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO EARTH-MY BUSINESS...

YOU SURE FIXED IT! 10 OF THEIR DAYS IS ABOUT 3 MONTHS OF TERRESTRIAL TIME!



CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING TO GET ME OUT OF THIS PLACE? THE FOOD IS SIMPLY AWFUL!



A.S. VAN EERDE

# Air-Sub DX

A NEW AIR-SUB  
PICTURE STORY

-PART 1-

"THE CONQUEROR"

by *Carl Burgos*

TIM, EXACTLY 50 YEARS AGO, MONTAN, LEFT ON AN EXPEDITION TO "MYSTERY ISLE"...AND WAS NEVER HEARD OF SINCE!

-WHY THE FUSS, GRAY, WE ALL KNOW ABOUT IT!



-TRUE!--BUT, LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO, A SPECIAL MESSENGER DELIVERED A DIARY TO ME....IT WAS WRITTEN BY, DR. MONTAN!--



-AND THE LAST ENTRY, WAS MADE LESS THAN A MONTH AGO!-- MONTAN IS STILL ALIVE!!

WHAT?



IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE EXPEDITION, -SINCE MONTAN RAVES ONLY ABOUT THE LIVING DIAMONDS!!

-LIVING DIAMONDS, EH? SURE SOUNDS GREAT!



-AND WHO KNOWS, -WE MIGHT FIND MONTAN!-- I'M GOING TO CALL THE AIRPORT!

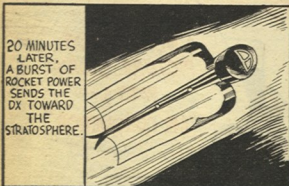
THIS ONE TIME THAT I'M GOING WITH YOU!  
OK RITA!



-AIRPORT?...HAVE THE DX READY FOR FLIGHT! AND ALSO PUT EMERGENCY SUPPLIES ABOARD, WE DON'T KNOW HOW LONG WE'LL BE GONE!--THAT'S ALL







20 MINUTES LATER, A BURST OF ROCKET POWER SENDS THE DX TOWARD THE STRATOSPHERE.



-NOW THAT WE'RE IN THE STRATOSPHERE, IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF HOURS BEFORE WE REACH MYSTERY ISLE !



-TIM !- GRAY !- THE BAROMETER IS FALLING ! WE'RE IN FOR A STORM !!

-SUDDENLY RITA SHOUTS !



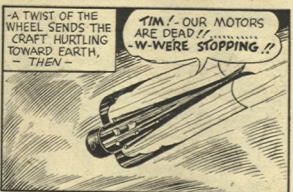
-WE CAN'T BUCK A STORM UP HERE - I'LL HAVE TO SET HER DOWN !

-IT'S THE ONLY SENSIBLE THING TO DO TIM.



-ARE YOUR SAFETY BELTS ON ?

-GOOD !- HERE WE GO !



-A TWIST OF THE WHEEL SENDS THE CRAFT HURLING TOWARD EARTH, - THEN -

TIM !- OUR MOTORS ARE DEAD !! ..... -W-WERE STOPPING !!



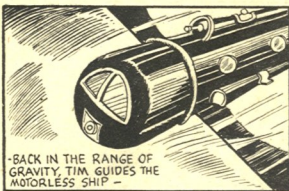
-WE'VE STOPPED.- AND IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE RIGHT, WE'RE OUTSIDE THE GRAVITY SPHERE !- UNLESS THE COSMIC STORM PUSHES US BACK INTO THE SPHERE, -WE'RE DOOMED TO REMAIN IN THE HEAVENS LIKE A SATELITE !!

-ALL WE CAN DO NOW IS WAIT AND HOPE -

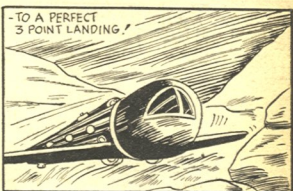


HOLD ON ! WE'RE MOVING !

-A SUDDEN ROLL OF THE DX TELLS THE OCCUPANTS THAT THE STORM IS IN FULL SWING.



-BACK IN THE RANGE OF GRAVITY, TIM GUIDES THE MOTORLESS SHIP -



-TO A PERFECT 3 POINT LANDING!



IT'LL BE SOME TIME BEFORE I CAN FIX THE MOTORS, -SO WHY DON'T YOU TWO HAVE A LOOK AROUND.

OK SKIPPER



LATER

-WELL, THE MOTORS ARE FIXED. -BUT WHAT'S THIS COMING?



-WELL, WELL, -IF IT AIN'T CAP'N TIM AND HIS DX... JUST WHAT THE BOSS ORDERED EH, TURJAK?

-LET GO OF MY ARM!

-AND ALSO PROE GRAY!  
-C'MON, WHERE IS HE?



-AND HERE'S YOUR SLEEPING PILL  
-MY MUSTACHED FRIEND!

SOCK



-WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD TIM BREAKS THE GIANTS GRIP AND LANDS A DYNAMITE FIST ON THE OTHERS JAW!

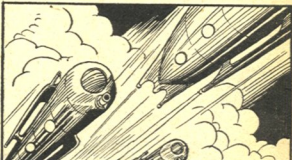






AS THE DX MOVES ON A FIELD SENTRY SPOTS IT, AND CALLS THE CONQUEROR'S HEADQUARTERS ON MYSTERY ISLE.

-Z-3-REPORTING-- HAVE SIGHTED THE DX!-- IT'S HEADED DUE EAST!-- THAT'S ALL!

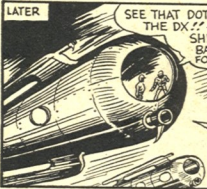


-ALMOST INSTANTLY A SQUADRON OF PLANES TAKE TO THE AIR IN QUEST OF THE DX.

LATER

SEE THAT DOT? -THAT'S THE DX!-- ORDER ALL SHIPS TO BATTLE FORMATION!

AT ONCE SIR!

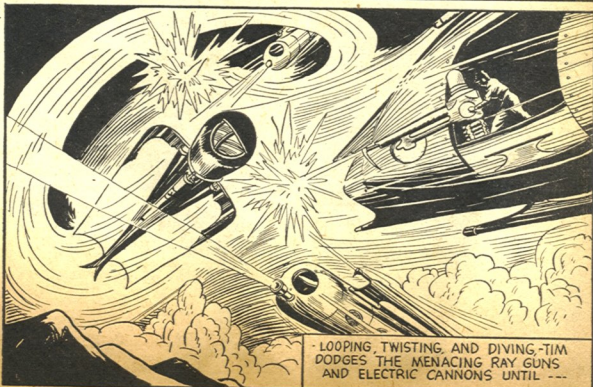


TIM!-- THERE'S A SQUAD OF ROCKET PLANES FOLLOWING US!



MEANWHILE INSIDE THE DX.

-WAS EXPECTING THAT!-- OKAY HOLD TIGHT!-- HERE WE GO!



-LOOPING, TWISTING, AND DIVING--TIM DODGES THE MENACING RAY GUNS AND ELECTRIC CANNONS UNTIL ---





- DIRECTLY UNDER A PLANE - THEN,  
A BLAST OF FLAME FROM THE  
DISSOLVING GUN RIPS THE ROCKET'S BELLY!



TIM - THE REFLECTOR  
SHOWS WATER BELOW!  
- SET HER DOWN!

OKAY  
RITA!



A SWIFT DESCENT  
AND THE DX  
PLUMMETS INTO THE  
SWIRLING WATERS.



WELL TIM, WE'RE  
60 FATHOMS BELOW!  
- SURE WAS A CLOSE  
CALL!

- YES - I WAS JUST  
THINKING THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
SCREWY ABOUT  
THE WHOLE THING.



- FIRST A MESSENGER DELIVERS  
A DIARY WRITTEN BY MONTAN.  
- THE LAST ENTRY WAS MADE  
A MONTH AGO. - BUT HE RAVES  
ABOUT LIVING DIAMONDS ON  
MYSTERY ISLE! -



- WE START AFTER HIM, AND ARE  
FORCED DOWN MILES FROM OUR  
DESTINATION - EVIDENTLY WE  
WERE EXPECTED SINCE THOSE  
TWO GIANTS I KNOCKED OUT  
MENTIONED THE FACT!



THEN WE LEARN, THAT THE  
CONQUEROR IS BACK IN ACTION!  
...HM-M-M... I WONDER COULD  
MONTAN BE THE CONQUEROR?  
WELL, LET'S HEAD HOME! - I  
MUST REPORT THIS TO INTELLIGENCE!

MORE TO COME

# HAUNTED HOUSE

by Rex Lawrence

EVERYBODY in town called the Dietrich place "The Haunted House." Nobody knew how the name had got started. One thing was certain. nobody cared to hang around there much at night.

Old man Dietrich had died about a year before, and he had left behind him the most rickety and creepy place thet anybody ever saw. It stands about a half-mile out of town, on what would be Main Street if it went that far, and as you approach it you notice that it is surrounded by tall pines, and enough shrubbery to shut off a view from the street.

One afternoon, after school, Elsie was being detoured on her way home by Bill and Clyde, when all of a sudden they discovered that the haunted house was nearby, and that started the boasting again.

Bill said that it was funny that nobody had ever really investigated the place to find out what it was all about. At that point Clyde spilled the beans by saying: "Let's investigate, then." And Bill said: "That's O. K. by me." And that's where the whole thing started.

So the next day the boys decided that the way to find what makes a haunted house haunted was to stay all night in one, and the one they picked, as you can well imagine, was old man Dietrich's.

That's where I came in. I used to run errands for old man Dietrich, and I was supposed to know the lay of the land. They wanted me to go out with them in the daytime and look things over so that they would know their way around at night. I didn't mind that job a bit. I could see a chance to have some fun, and besides, to be absolutely honest about it, being around where Elsie was, wasn't half bad.

So as not to have any more of the kids along we met out on Main Street, just beyond Whittlesey's store. The sun was shining brightly, but the air was cool, so it was a perfect day for a hike. It really was too bad that we were not going farther.





"I wonder how the idea ever got around that old man Dietrich's house is haunted," ventured Bill Wentworth as we walked along.

My answer was that it all started when Pop Whittlesey told folks at the store that he had heard voices as he passed there at night long after old man Dietrich had passed away. And after that, the house had been boarded up, and the "No Trespassing" signs had been nailed up by the State Police.

"What kind of voices?" asked Clyde.

"Well," I said, "when I first heard the story, it seems that Pop said it sounded like two or three different voices, but he couldn't make out any of the words. If you ask me, he started to run when he heard the first voices."

While this chatter was going on, Elsie was keeping very quiet. In fact, she didn't say a thing, and pretty soon, we arrived in front of the Dietrich house.

In the bright sun the old place did not look much different than any other old repair needing house. The whole FHA of our county could have put in most of the summer on it.

We walked around the house, and noted that it was all boarded-up, except the second floor windows. There was little or no grass in the yard, but we walked on a floor of pine needles, and slowly made our way back to the front gate, which was still swinging on one hinge.

Bill said: "I think I shall bring an army blanket along, and take it easy while we are waiting for the 'voices' to arrive." "Me too," from Clyde. "I've already got my spot picked." And then we started slowly back to town.

The plan as finally arranged was for Elsie and I to go as far as the gate with them, and stand around a while as lookouts. How long they would stay would depend on how long they kept up their nerve, and if you ask me, they were both beginning to weaken.

Night came, and we met in front of Whittlesey's store. And, believe me, it was one of those nights! Dark as pitch, and then some. Not a word was said by either Bill or Clyde on the way out, but Elsie suddenly developed a line of chatter which was real humor to me, but which seemed to fall flat with them. Somehow, jokes do not sound the same in the dark.

That old place certainly looked different at night. From the road we could make out the outline of something that looked like a house, and there were strange sounds, too. And at that time there didn't seem to be much of a breeze stirring.

Elsie said: "We shall wait here until we know that you are comfortably fixed for the night, and then we'll walk slowly back to town." And I added: "We'll go slowly so you can catch up to us if you change your minds."

"You wouldn't kid anybody, would you?" asked Bill. And I thought his voice sounded a bit shaky. Clyde never said a word, but I could see that he wasn't enjoying himself any too much.

We walked outside of the gate and they went toward the rear of the house. After a while we could see a flash-light as it hit the pines near the kitchen. Then there was a noise like the squeak of rusty hinges, and a door opening, which had been closed for a long time. And then a long silence.

Elsie and I sat down on a bed of pine needles outside of the gate, close to the road and waited. And, I guess because it was sort of lonesome and scary, she took my hand, and nestled up pretty close. Just about that time I hoped that Bill and Clyde would fall asleep or something.

It seemed an hour before we heard a sound, but I found out afterwards that it was only a few minutes.

All of a sudden there was a loud noise coming from the direction of the kitchen, and then Bill and Clyde, both yelling bloody murder passed us faster than the nine o'clock mail. Through the gate and toward town, picking up speed as they ran. And as far as we were ever able to find out they ran all the way into town.

After they had gone Elsie took my arm and said: "Let's go." But we didn't start just then. I had to go back to the house for a minute. When I came back to the road where she had been waiting, I had a small bundle.

She didn't ask any questions for a while, but finally her curiosity got the best of her and she asked what was in the bundle. Well, I didn't want to say anything at first, but after a while I gave in and opened it and showed her my radio.

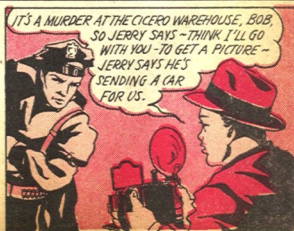
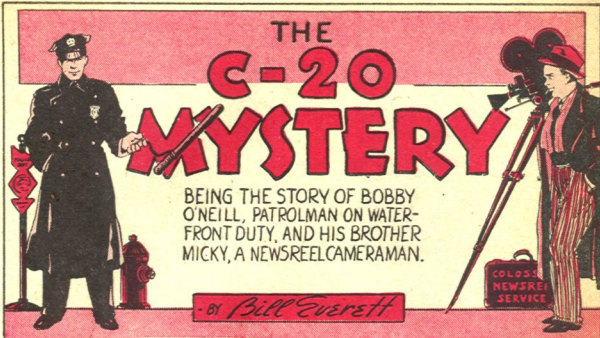
She didn't get it right away. Then her face broke into a grin, and she took my hand again, and we walked along very quietly back towards town.

When we arrived in front of Whittlesey's store Elsie said: "Where did you have it?"

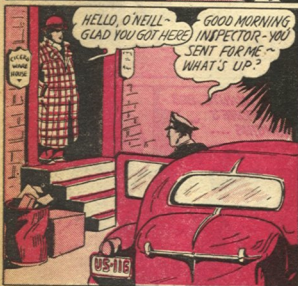
"Inside the old furnace, grounded on the door hinge, and set for Frankenstein." And, I'm certainly glad that we arrived when we did. "A minute earlier and they would have heard the announcer, and that would have crabbled everything."

--The End--



















WHILE BOBBY AND THE INSPECTOR  
PREPARE TO TAKE RITA TO HEAD-  
QUARTERS, A SMALL POWER-BOAT  
SIDLES NOISELESSLY ALONGSIDE  
THE SCOW "C-20".

EASY, BOYS ~ AND QUIET! I DON'T  
LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS ~ I SMELL  
COPS!

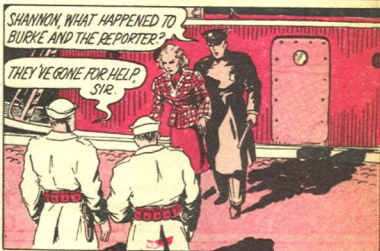
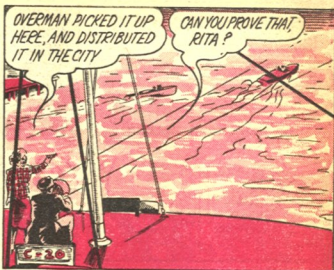
HARRY, KEEP AN EYE ON THE STERN~  
PETE, YOU STAY IN THE SPEED-BOAT,  
AND KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING~  
SID AND BUTCH  
COME WITH ME

DUTCH SILVER !!!

HARRY ~ SID!  
COPPERS !!

MICKY! CHIEF! MAN THAT OTHER  
SPEED-BOAT! IT'S SILVER'S GANG!



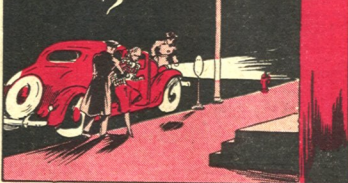




THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO HERE -  
-TAKE US BACK TO THE STATION, WILL  
YOU, BURKE ?



MICKY AND THE CHIEF OUGHT TO BE  
ALONG SOON - THEY WON'T HAVE MUCH  
CHANCE AGAINST SILVER'S CREW



HERE THEY COME NOW! WHAT  
HAPPENED, MICKY ?

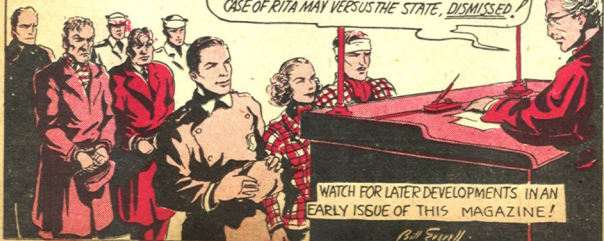


THEY GAVE US A COUPLE OF NASTY CLIPS, AND GOT  
CLEAR AWAY - THE C-G PLANE 'LL CATCH THEM -  
BOY, HAVE I GOT SOME SWELL  
FRONT-PAGE PICTURES!



AND - BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE  
IN THE MORNING COURT SESSION -

CAPTAIN SILVER VERSUS THE STATE IS A CASE FOR THE  
GRAND JURY, BUT IN CONSIDERATION OF THE TURNING  
OF STATE'S EVIDENCE BY ONE RITA MAY, HERE BEFORE  
THE COURT, I RELEASE HER INTO THE CUSTODY OF YOU,  
PATROLMAN ROBERT O'NEILL - ON TEMPORARY  
PAROLE - THIS IS HIGHLY UNETHICAL, BUT -  
CASE OF RITA MAY VERSUS THE STATE, DISMISSED!



WATCH FOR LATER DEVELOPMENTS IN AN  
EARLY ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE!

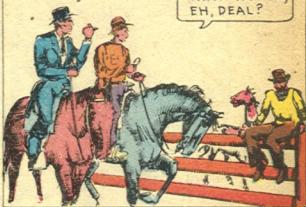
Bill Fawcett

# GRIZZLY DUNN



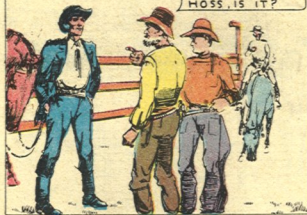
MIGHTY FINE HOSS  
FLESH, KID. BET  
GRIZZLY DUNN'S  
PROUD O' HIM.

LET'S GO SEE  
GRIZZLY. MAYBE  
WE COULD GET  
A RACE WITH  
THAT HORSE,  
EH, DEAL?



HOWDY, GRIZZLY.  
NICE LOOKIN' HOSS  
YUH GOT OUT THAR.

THAT UN O' YORE  
FRIEND'S AIN'T  
SO BAD NEITHER.  
AIN'T A COW  
HOSS, IS IT?



SURE IS - SHE'LL BEAT  
ANY HORSE IN  
THESE PARTS, YOURS  
INCLUDED.

AIN'T NO COW  
HOSS CAN BEAT  
COMET!



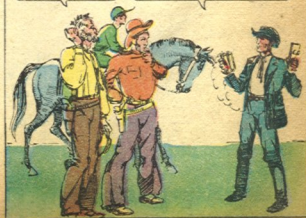
MONEY TALKS, GRIZZLY.  
HOW ABOUT A MATCH  
RACE - AN' A LITTLE  
SIDE BET, LETS SAY  
TEN THOUSAND?

I'LL TAKE  
THAT BET,  
DEAL. WE'LL  
PACE OFF  
A MILE IN  
TOWN THIS  
AFTERNOON.



WHAT YOU  
GOT THAT  
CONTRAPTION  
FOR, DEAL?

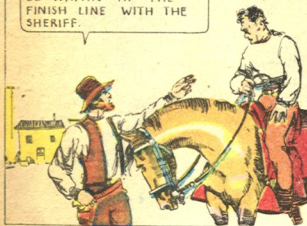
PEOPLE DON'T START  
RACES WITH GUNS  
NO MORE. YUH START  
'EM WITH A BELL.



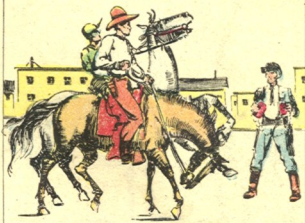


THAT AIN'T NO WESTERN  
RIG, SAM. I DON'T LIKE  
THE LOOKS O' IT. I'LL  
BE WAITIN' AT THE  
FINISH LINE WITH THE  
SHERIFF.

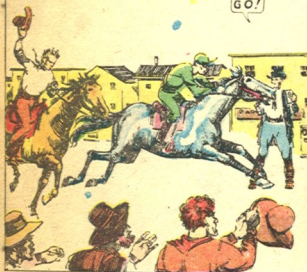
OKAY,  
GRIZZLY.



READY SAM? - READY KID?



GO!



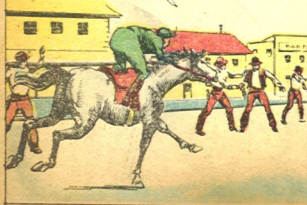
HOORAY FOR THE KID!

GIT A HORSE,  
SAM!



WELL, GRIZZLY, GUESS  
YORE HOSS IS GOIN'  
T'LOSE. DON'T SEE  
NOTHIN' UNFAIR  
ABOUT IT.

MEBBE, SHERIFF  
WE'LL SOON  
BE SEEN!



GRIZZLY, YUH FOOL!  
DON'T GO COMMITTIN'  
NO CRIME OVER A  
HOSS RACE!

LEGGO, SHERIFF.  
HE AIN'T GETTIN'  
AWAY WITH  
THAT!



YUH'LL SEE WHEN  
THEM HOSSES GET  
TUH THE FINISH!

YO'RE CLEAN OFF  
YORE HEAD, GRIZZLY!



WAL, I'LL BE---



WHOA, YOU

HYAH, KID! CAN'T YUH  
RIDE A BUCKIN' HOSS?



YUH SHORE FOOLED ME - GRIZZLY!  
DURNED IF YE DIDN'T!



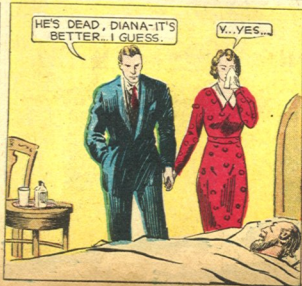
TOO BAD THAT EASTERN  
HOSS YORE FRIEND  
RODE IS SKEERED O'  
GUNS, DEAL

YEAH, AN THATS  
THE LAST  
CHEATIN' YUHL  
DO AROUND  
HERE FOR A  
WHILE!





# Jack STRAND



THREE DAYS PASS. HOMER CARLIN HAS BEEN LAID IN HIS GRAVE AND JACK AND DIANA LUNCH TOGETHER~.

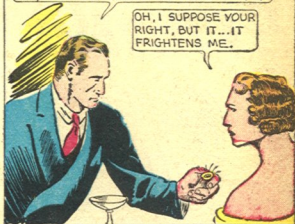
YOU LOOK SO TIRED, DIANA

I AM JACK. IT'S BEEN A STRAIN... AND I KEEP WORRYING ABOUT THAT PIN!



LET ME KEEP IT FOR YOU, DEAR. YOUR UNCLE WAS DELIRIOUS. IT'S A VERY CHEAP PIN, PROBABLY WORTH NO MORE THAN 10¢

OH, I SUPPOSE YOUR RIGHT, BUT IT...IT FRIGHTENS ME.



THEN SUDDENLY~

OH-H! JACK!

DIANA - WHAT IS IT?



JACK...HE'S GOING TO KILL HER.

THE YELLOW RAT, I'LL FIX HIM!



OH...THANK YOU, SIR. I'D RATHER NOT PREFER CHARGES -- PLEASE.

OF COURSE NOT, MADAM. I UNDERSTAND.





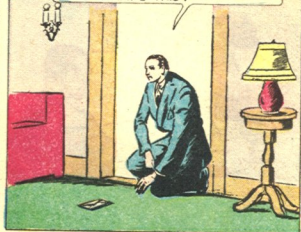
WHERE IS THE YOUNG LADY I WAS WITH, WAITER?

SHE LEFT, SIR, WITH AN ELDERLY MAN - WHILE YOU WERE PROTECTING THE OTHER LADY, VERY COURAGEOUS OF YOU, TOO, SIR.



WHEN JACK RETURNS, DIANA HAS LEFT~

FUNNY THE WAY DIANA LEFT. OH WELL, SHE PROBABLY HAD A REASON. HELLO - WHAT'S THIS?



Dear Jack -  
Am terribly sorry to have run out on you that way, but I saw Mr. Davis passing by the window and I knew Alrod's lawyer and all he was anxious to tell me on some legal matters, so I hurried after him. Will be home this evening, so please call and forgive me.  
Love,  
Diana

THAT EVENING JACK GOES TO DIANA'S APARTMENT

OH JACK, I'M SO SORRY.

NONSENSE DIANA, JUST FORGET IT - YOU LOOK SO BEAUTIFUL TONIGHT



I FEEL SO SAFE NOW, JACK. I WAS FOOLISH ABOUT THAT PIN CAN'T I HAVE IT BACK? I THINK UNCLE HOMER WOULD RATHER I KEEP IT.

CERTAINLY DIANA IT'S IN MY WALLET.



HERE IT IS. JUST A MINUTE NOW, I HAVE IT IN MY FINGERS.

HURRY UP, YOU GIVE ME THE WHOLE WALLET - FOOL, NOT JUST THE PIN.



WHY - DIANA -- WHAT IS IT?

SO YOU STILL HAVE THE PIN!  
DROP IT ON THE FLOOR, I TELL  
YOU! DROP IT!



HERE IT IS, AND FOR HEAVEN'S  
SAKE, DIANA, TELL ME---

GET AWAY FROM  
ME! GET AWAY!



DIANA! COME BACK HERE!



HELP!



SAY WHAT'S EATING HER, ANYWAY!  
DARN IT! SHE WON'T GET AWAY  
WITH THAT!



GONE!





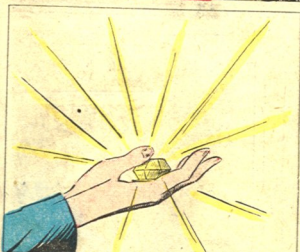
NOT A LOOSE PANAL IN HERE I'VE  
CHECKED WALLS, CEILING, AND FLOOR.



SHE'S JUST DISAPPEARED AND  
I'VE GOT TO FIND HER! I'VE GOT  
A HUNCH HER DISAPPEARANCE  
IS IN SOME WAY CONNECTED  
WITH PSYK --- AND THIS PIN!



GOSH! THERE'S A STRANGE LIGHT  
IN THE CENTER OF THE STONE -  
IT'S GROWING LARGER!

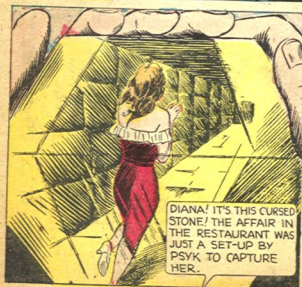


THE STONE SEEMS TO EXPAND AND  
THROW OFF A WEIRD LIGHT~

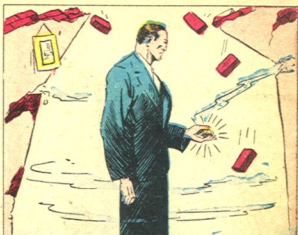
ALL RIGHT, PSYK! YOU'VE SHOWED YOUR  
HAND! YOU WANT THIS STONE AND  
YOU'LL GET IT! I'LL DELIVER IT IN PERSON!



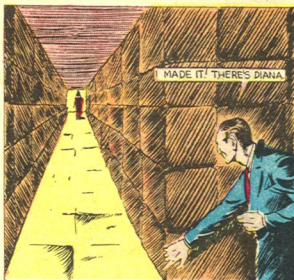
DIANA! IT'S THIS CURSED  
STONE! THE AFFAIR IN  
THE RESTAURANT WAS  
JUST A SET-UP BY  
PSYK TO CAPTURE  
HER.



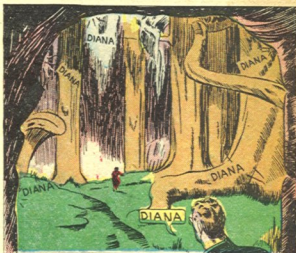
IT LOOKS AS IF THE POWER OF PSYK'S MIND WAS DIRECTING DIANA'S WILL. MAYBE IF I FORCE MY WILL AGAINST HIS! WITH THE AID OF THIS STONE... I'LL TRY.



JACK FORCES HIS WILL AND CONCENTRATES HIS THOUGHTS ON GETTING DIANA. AS HE DOES SO THE WALLS CRUMBLE ABOUT HIM.



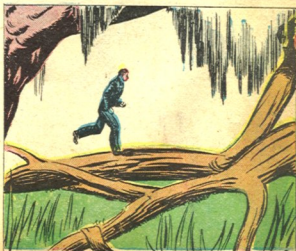
I MADE IT! THERE'S DIANA!



JACK CALLS VAINLY TO DIANA WHO FLEES INTO THE STRANGE WOOD OF A 1000 VOICES.



SHE'S DISAPPEARED AGAIN--DIANA!



JACK RUSHES ON AND ON-THROUGH THE WOODS, HOPING TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF DIANA ~





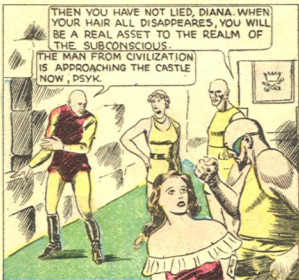
A FOOTPATH/EITHER WAY SHOULD TO SOMETHING!



STRANGE! A CASTLE! THERE SEEMS TO BE NO ONE ABOUT THE GROUNDS.

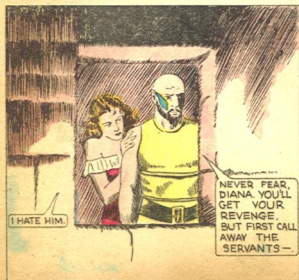


YET I HAVE A FEELING THAT I'M BEING WATCHED. I'D BETTER CARRY THIS PIN. CARLIN SAID PSYK WAS AFRAID OF IT.



THEN YOU HAVE NOT LIED, DIANA. WHEN YOUR HAIR ALL DISAPPEARS, YOU WILL BE A REAL ASSET TO THE REALM OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS.

THE MAN FROM CIVILIZATION IS APPROACHING THE CASTLE NOW, PSYK.



I HATE HIM.

NEVER FEAR, DIANA. YOU'LL GET YOUR REVENGE. BUT FIRST CALL AWAY THE SERVANTS—



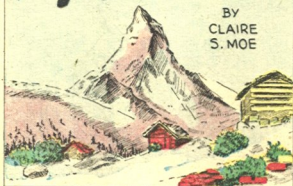
THIS PLACE GETS ON MY NERVES. I'M GOING TO HIDE HERE TILL I SEE SOMEONE THEN MAKE 'EM TALK!

MAYBE THE PIN WILL PROTECT JACK—AND PERHAPS HE'LL RESCUE DIANA. BUT HIS CHANCES OF OUTWITTING PSYK ARE SLIM—PSYK IS MENTAL DYNAMITE!!

(CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE)

# THE Pardon

BY  
CLAIRE  
S. MOE



ADOLPHE BERNHORN, SWISS GOATHERD, IS LIGHT-HEARTED, FOR THE SINGING GLACIERS TELL HIM THAT THE SPRING SOON WILL BE FOLLOWED BY LAZY SUMMER DAYS ON GRASSY MOUNTAIN SLOPES



ROUNDING A SHARP TURN IN THE PATH, HE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH GRETCHEN NISSON. NEITHER IS AT ALL PLEASED



WITHOUT SPEAKING, THEY LOOK TO THE GROUND.



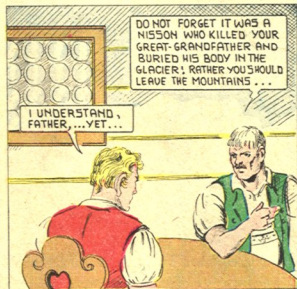
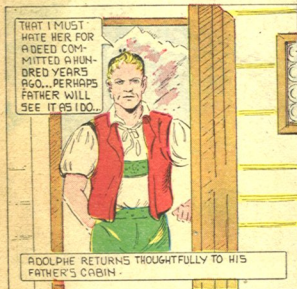
OH-H-H!



THE EDELWEISS, GRETCHEN!

NO, NO! IT CANNOT BE!

TO THE MOUNTAIN FOLK THE FINDING OF THE EDELWEISS IS A SIGN OF BETROTHAL.







GRETCHEN SAVES THE EDELWEISS -



AND ON CLEAR DAYS SHE GOES OUT BY HERSELF ON A LEDGE ABOVE TO WATCH TOURISTS CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN.



COME ON, ADOLPHE - WHY SO QUIET?

OH, NOTHING ---



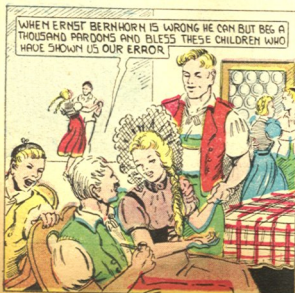
LOOK, ADOLPHE ! SOMEONE HAS FALLEN FROM THE LEDGE !



ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR HEAD? YOU CAN BE OF NO HELP NOW?









# IT'S REALLY A FACT *By* Bob Wood



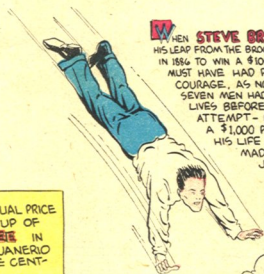
**I**N THE COURSE OF A SEASON, THE MAJOR LEAGUE BALL CLUBS USE APPROXIMATELY 105,000 BASEBALLS WHICH COST ABOUT \$1.22 EACH-



**T**HE LARGEST PAIR OF **ELEPHANT TUSKS** EVER RECORDED WEIGHED 228 AND 232 POUNDS, WHILE THE AVERAGE TUSK WEIGHS ONLY 55 POUNDS -



**T**HE USUAL PRICE OF A CUP OF **COFFEE** IN RIO DE JANEIRO IS ONE CENT-



**W**HEN **STEVE BRODIE** MADE HIS LEAP FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE IN 1886 TO WIN A \$100 BET, HE MUST HAVE HAD PLENTY OF COURAGE, AS NO LESS THAN SEVEN MEN HAD LOST THEIR LIVES BEFORE HIM IN THE ATTEMPT - HE TOOK OUT A \$1,000 POLICY ON HIS LIFE BEFORE HE MADE THE JUMP -

WHEW -  
WOTTA LIFE!

HERE'S  
ONE TO  
FIGURE  
OUT!

TAKE YOUR **WEIGHT**, MULTIPLY BY 2, ADD 5, MULTIPLY BY 50, ADD YOUR **AGE**, SUBTRACT 250 - IN YOUR ANSWER YOU WILL FIND BOTH YOUR WEIGHT AND AGE.

**EXAMPLE -**

WEIGHT 150 - AGE 20 -  
MULTIPLY WEIGHT BY 2 - 300  
ADD 5 - 305  
MULTIPLY BY 50 - 15,250  
ADD AGE (20) - 15,270  
SUBTRACT 250 - 15,020

ANS.  
150/20  
WT-AGE

UNCLE SAM MANUFACTURES APPROXIMATELY 19,000,000,000 POSTAGE STAMPS EACH YEAR -



BOB WOOD -



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